

A
COLLECTION

OF

P O E M S

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY GEORGE BELL,
WRIGHT IN JEDBURGH. 

Neglect not the gift that is in thee. 1 Timothy iv.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM TURNBULL.

1794.

V

My

W

Mo

I a

W

A
COLLECTION

OF

POEMS.

To

SIR JOHN SCOTT OF ANCRUM, BART.

Major in the Roxburgh Cavalry,
The following poem is most humbly dedicated.

A Poem on War, and Peace.

WHILE others soar aloft on wings,
Like Pindar, Pope and Burns;
My Muse stands trembling, while she sings,
And rather sighs and mourns.

When I look back to my birth day,
June third, year thirty seven;
Most of my time is past away,
When now five times eleven.

I am older than His Majesty,
King George of Great renown;
Who doth the Royal Sceptre sway,
And wears the British Crown.

A

Long

Long may he live, to hold the reins
Of Government o'er me ;
And be at peace with all his friends,
And make his foes to flee ;

And like to great King Solomon,
May end his days in peace ;
And be succeeded by his Son,
To reign in George's race.

And race, to race, may be renown'd,
Unto the world's end ;
Since ever George the first was crown'd,
Religion to defend.

I need not stand for to explain,
Nor talk about Politics ;
Least such as hear, do me disdain,
Among our fine spun Critics.

While some the Ministry do blame,
And lightly speak of Pitt,
Dundas, and others I could name,
Had better now submit.

Let every one ourselves now try,
If we have not a hand,
Of burdens under which we ly,
And come upon our land ;

That is now lying under guilt,
That hardly can be purged ;
Until much blood on it be spilt,
Or we severely scourged.

Look

Look back to annals * on record,
And you may plainly see,
That dreadful wars, home and abroad,
Have been, and now may be †;

Since Satan did set up his throne,
In Paradise below,
When he from heaven was cast down,
And now walks to and fro;

War did break out, and made a breach,
And Cain slew his brother;
The cry of blood to heaven did reach,
And earth it could not smother.

When in the fields, these two did walk,
And saw none to molest,
Then Satan listened to their talk,
Till Cain he possess;

And ever since he hath pursued,
With spite the human race;
And hath their hands with blood embrued,
That he might man disgrace.

When men in number did increase,
And wickedness abound;
The fear of God did still decrease,
Until the world was drown'd.

The deluge Satan did not drown,
Nor yet did quench his thirst;
He tempts the head that wears the crown
In war still to persist.

A 2

A

* Judges 2.

† Luke 21. 10.

A question naturally comes in,
The answer shall be short ;
What is the leading reigning sin,
Gives Satan so much sport ?

Ingratitude ! the mother sin,
And pride her daughter dear,
Which all our mischiefs did begin,
Till death drives up the rear.

Another question comes to hand,
Concerning reformation ;
Which many do not understand
Throughout the British nation.

Such as perhaps do vainly think
That they may take their chance,
All Royal power and crowns to sink,
As they have done in France.

Far better such would take a thought,
And look before they leap,
Least they to misery be brought,
And plunge into the deep.

And let them now consider well,
Before they leave their station,
What reason France had to rebel,
More than the British Nation.

How long these numerous people groan'd,
Under the Pope of Rome ;
Where Satan hath been long inthron'd,
Now sees his awful doom.

Let

Let us not lick the vomit up,
That Popery now hath spewed ;
For there is poison in the cup,
That Satan long hath brewed.

While we enjoy our liberty,
And nothing to molest,
If we but can the tribute pay,
While they have been oppress'd ;

Let Royal George the crown still wear,
And Charlotte great our queen,
Their numerous offspring drive the rear,
Religion to maintain.

Let all that are about the throne,
And now the sword do wear,
Strive to relieve all that do groan,
And comfort them that fear ;

And do not bear the sword in vain,
When you should be a terror
To evil doers and profane,
That live in sin and error ;

And let not all the prayers put up,
For Britain's throne be lost,
And let no Popish power usurp,
From France or any coast.

As tongues and pens are now employed
Concerning reformation,
As if it only were enjoyed
From men of rank and station ;

A COLLECTION

So I do add another verse
To all that is before,
Let every man, in every place,
Begin at his own door ;

Then peace and order, like a stream,
Will overflow our banks ;
And every man will then esteem
A sermon preach'd by SHANKS* ;

Which in the dreadful gap does stand,
When floods are breaking in,
And threatening to o'erflow the land,
If we do live in sin.

I will not take it upon me
To say what shall befall,
By any gift of prophecy,
On either great or small ;

But when the clouds grow black and thick,
And showers in planets fall,
We fear the weather will now break,
Which doth concern us all.

To flee for refuge, to lay hold
On hope that is before,
And none of us to be so bold,
As stand without the door ;

When we are called to come in,
For to take up our rest ;
Where neither war, Satan, nor sin,
Shall ever more molest.

Now,

* At Jedburgh.

Now, if my poem be despis'd,
 By men of rank and skill,
 I am willing that it be revis'd
 By DOCTOR SOMERVILLE,

Who is a friend to peace and love,
 A terror unto knaves,
 Which by his sermon he doth prove
 Concerning foreign slaves.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

That the rhyme concerning Lawyers doth not spring from the bitter root of prejudice or ill nature at the lawyer who is afterwards mentioned; for I am persuaded that if he had seen all that passed between him as my landlord, and me as his tenant, there would have been no foundation for such a rhyme; but tattlers, flatterers, and busy bodies, who bring about more employment to lawyers than advantage to themselves, or to such as are flattered by them, have laid the foundation of both the law plea and the rhyme that follows, which was not composed with any intention to publish until some parts of them fell into the hands of some men of learning, who seem'd to take notice of them; yea even him who is the pursuer, who is allowed by all who knows him to be a man of extraordinary penetration, seem'd to commend them.

To the Reader, in Rhyme.

If thou art a rigid critic,
 Here I dare not thee defy;
 Or if a cunning smooth politic,
 Taking pleasure faults to spy.

But

But if thou art a candid reader,
Neither like a horse, nor mule ;
Take a lesson from a neighbour,
Even tho' he be a fool.

Altho' it come in home-spun drefs,
As may appear in many a line ;
I hope you will not think the less,
Since all do not wear superfine.

It is come forth at the desire
Of some who took it by the hand ;
But it a preface doth require,
That all that read may understand.

The first part did begin with muck,
Which I did drive to the Langlee ;
But in the end, instead of luck,
It rather turn'd unto a plea.

The next in order from a farm,
Which I of Faire did then possess ;
Of which I did get nought but harm,
And nothing now but great distress.

He did it plant without my leave,
By verbal word or any tack ;
This truth let every man believe,
For I declare it was the fact.

If this were all, I would now stop,
And suffer all that is now past ;
Tho' he by planting hurt my crop,
But look and see what now comes last.

He

OF POEMS.

9

He did me libel to compare,
Even at the instance of his wife;
And others I'll not mention here,
And so goes on the Female strife;

Complaining that I did transgress,
Long after I thought I was free;
And now another did possess,
But now come read along with me.

RHYME FIRST.

SIR,

Last time I sent to you a card,
It seems it did not please;
Tho' I did treat you as my Laird,
But now let this suffice;

That I would love to deal with you,
If you had eyes to see;
But flattering tattlers makes you trow,
And that's not good for me.

When I did farm Hemphol, and Bank,
Where I did often sweat;
And trees and thorns grow so rank,
The Cow gets less to eat.

And still you threaten to pursue,
And take from me her muck;
Now I declare if this be true,
You never can do luck.

If

If I were Fair, and you were Bell,
And I laird of Langlee ;
Their flattering stories they would tell,
To me as well as thee ;

And all my friends would me instruct,
And they would say to me,
That you are driving out the muck,
For me to the Langlee ;

And say that you lay little on,
And that you fill with straw ;
While I thought you an honest man,
Yet, they will find a flaw.

But I'm still Bell, and you are Fair,
So I must fly to Reid * ;
While he hath pen, and ink, to spare,
I wish he may come speed.

While he is making my defence,
And Pots † reads o'er the paper ;
Then Fair will criticise the saints,
But Bell would have it cheaper.

I know that Reid is very bold,
And will not let you slip ;
Some say the d—l he can hold,
If he but get a grip.

Let

* Mr Reid writer, Jedburgh, as my lawyer in the defence.

† Mr Potts, Sheriff Clerk of Roxburgh Shire.

Let me not come into his claws,
But when I him employ,
To manage and agent my cause,
And bring me off with joy.

I know he is expert in law,
He hath done much for me;
But whither I shall stand or fa,
He will not want his fee.

Some say it is not safe for me
To venture lest I fall;
But, rather take a pint and 'gree,
For Fair and Reid takes all.

Now I think it far nobler,
If you can think it fit,
To meet you with the cobbler,
Where we can safely sit.

Yea, we can sit, and take a crack,
With Betty at the fire;
And none of us, our living lack,
By Reid, or Dinley Byre*.

Now after all, if you were me,
I now suppose the case,
What you would have me do to thee,
If I were in your place.

But it is time for me to stop,
Lest I should you offend;
The lines which from my pen do drop,
Shall come unto an end.

And

* Sheriff of Roxburgh Shire.

And not but I could still say more,
 If patience be not failing;
 Of all that I have said before,
 Their's not a word of pealing*.

RHYME SECOND.

*On a Card from Mr Fair concerning my
 Horse and Cow.*

BELL's compliments unto his laird,
 And you may let him know,
 That yesterday I got his card,
 About the horse and cow.

It was but what I looked for,
 For I had heard a sound,
 About the bank † the night before,
 As if some had been drown'd.

Indeed the fact was little less,
 But rather worse for me,
 If I should middle with the grafs,
 Or yet should break a tree.

They had need for to take good care,
 That step into a Bank, ‡
 That doth belong to Mr Fair,
 If they do not keep rank.

Such

* Pealing, with which I inclosed my crop, and he claimed,
 which was properly my own.

* Bank at the waterfide.

† Meaning the Bank-Office, of which he is the cashier.

Such as do venture in the deep,
And give for notes their bill;
Some no more soundly than can sleep,
Or take of meat their fill.

Until three months of time expire,
With fear they are distrest;
To get the bill into the fire,
For fear of a protest.

As for the margin grafts all round,
I unto you declare,
I did my right and title found,
From Mr William Fair*.

But, for the future I'll take care,
Nor Dawson's 'tatoes touch;
Least he be worse than Mr Fair,
I fear him very much.

But I am forc'd again to yield,
For all are on your side;
When we appear upon the field,
Who ever be beside.

The cowards do desert me when
I am in the greatest strait;
And will not stand out for me then,
Nor on me will they wait.

But like a fox into their hole,
They go with all their speed;
And will not stand you to controul,
When I have greater need.

B

What

* Mr Fair's son, Banker.

What is the reason do you think,
 That they deal so with me ?
 When I give them a gill to drink
 That you do give them them three.

RHYME THIRD.

Upon the Libel Summons.

One* says you are a judge of rhyme,
 As well as of the law ;
 So I shall take good care this time,
 Lest you should find a flaw.

When we exchanged rhyme for card,
 I had not much to fear ;
 While I thought you had been my Laird,
 But now alas I hear

That they are of the female sex,
 With whom I have to deal ;
 Their libel does me sore perplex,
 And make my face look pale.

But since they have begun the feud,
 So let it with them end ;
 And never trouble you your head,
 For I my wife will fend.

While

* Captain Ormiston, Jedburgh.

While your wife stands, her cause to plead,
About the broken trees,
Then mine will stand the cow to feed,
But who will pay the fees?

If this is not a proper way,
Then you must plead for me ;
For I have little more to say,
Till Reid come from the sea.

And if that you do need a scroll,
In making my defence,
If that you will not me controul,
I will give you the sence.

Unto an act your wife looks back,
More than a hundred year ;
Which if she had made known in fact,
It would have made me fear.

When Adam in the garden shin'd,
His danger he was told,
To be a check unto his mind,
Least he should be too bold.

And after him none can we trust,
Unless they have a check ;
Least they the bands of law do burst,
And fall and break their neck.

Even the great sages of the law,
Employed in its defence ;
The love of money will them draw,
For to corrupt its sence.

Another clause against the plea,
As you may understand ;
The trees were never told to me,
That grew upon her land.

But if that you will plead my cause,
I nothing have to fear ;
The libel is but wives's laws,
Of which I am very clear.

Now as you are a judge of rhyme,
So you will criticise ;
And I'll correct when I have time,
Whatever doth not please.

Now let me know what to correct,
My name need hardly tell ;
For you do know where to direct
Your client Geordy Bell.

A Poem upon Lawyers and Doctors,

As an Appendix.

While vice is on the growing hand,
And virtue doth decay ;
The lawyer will be buying land,
And plenty have to pay.

Like snarling curs we fight for crums
That fall about the table ;
The lawyer like a mastiff comes,
Takes all if he is able.

Unto

Unto the doctors take a turn,
 For they are little better ;
 And many they give cause to mourn,
 Who do become their debtor.

But some of them their fees deserve,
 As many a man doth know ;
 Who have applied, life to preserve,
 To Lindsey* and Munro,

Who by their merit have great fame,
 A tale too long to tell :
 Another is in great esteem,
 Whose name is Doctor Bell †.

No further I do now proceed,
 But come unto an end ;
 When for a doctor I have need,
 I do for Lindsey send.

And when I have a suit at law,
 I do apply to Reid ;
 He can with skill a paper draw,
 Whenever I have need.

Now if the reader want to know,
 How the female plea doth go,
 Which cannot now so well be kend,
 Until it come unto an end ;
 But I do live in hope to see,
 The day that Reid will set me free,
 And then from Fair demand his fee. }

B 3

* Jedburgh.

† Of Hunchill.

A Poem concerning Play Actors, and such as attended the Theatre in Jedburgh in harvest 1793, dedicated to the Rev. Dr Sommerville.

Now Rev. Sir, I dedicate
The following lines to you ;
To judge if all I say be fact,
About the theatre crew.

Six harvests weeks as I suppose,
They have been here and more ;
And many a shilling is given to those
That might have fed the poor.

There many do complain of want,
And fevers raging here ;
To buy the meal, the money scant,
And Doctors fees are dear.

What famous burgh this would be,
If we did read our bibles,
With half of the vivacity,
That we do read the play-bills.

Another thing that makes me wonder,
And fore surpris'd I am ;
How dull we are, when we sit under
John, Sandy, James and Tam *.

B 3

When

* The four Ministers of Jedburgh.

When they the gospel trumpet sound,
Like statues we do sit ;
And often times, we look around,
But hardly can submit.

But when the theatre we attend,
How lively we will be,
And wait with patience to the end,
Few sleepers you will see.

While they do lengthen out the song,
Attentive they will be ;
Nor think the tragedy too long,
Nor yet the comedy.

While fictions, phantoms, fancie-feeds,
Agreeable to nature ;
But nought to nourish faith proceeds,
Its entertainments greater.

The sacred fountain is its food,
Their farce hath no foundation ;
Faith lives on promises and blood,
The ground of our salvation.

In chambers of imagery,
They hide behind the screen,
What's lawful every eye may see,
But, they must not be seen:

Till they come forth in mimic dress,
For to deceive our eyes ;
Their ways do lead us on to guets,
They compass us with lies.

How

How shall we answer in the day,
When called to compear,
For spending so much time in play,
When we had cause to fear.

When judgments are abroad the earth,
And garments roll'd in blood,
We should join trembling, with our mirth,
Surrounded with a flood.

Then let play-actors, go their way,
And fight with spear, and shields,
Or come and help us where we stay,
In reaping down our fields.

Now Sir, where I have been in strait,
Of grammar or of diction,
Of which you are a master great,
No friend to lies or fiction;

Your learned hand may take the pen,
And an errata draw,
And tell all who do want to ken,
That I am Hakathra.

The foregoing poem was answered in verse, by some who upbraided me for cowardice, and that I was afraid to write these lines, until they had all gone from Jedburgh that were of the class of playactors, for which reason I composed the following, after they were all gone.

The

The theatre screen is taken down
 Where Satan had his feat,
 And all the crew are left the town,
 But Satan is here yet.

That restless fiend runs to and fro,
 His kingdom to advance,
 And where play-actors come and go,
 He hath a double chance.

They build up what they should destroy,
 Destroy what they should build;
 Their works all fruitless fools employ,
 They will be forc'd to yeild.

This theatre poem now may pass
 With such as truth believes,
 But not among the theatre class,
 For they will rive its leaves.

Poem third, in short verse.

Ingenious poets, if prophane,
 Do publish what we should disdain,
 But what they set in a false light,
 Will pass like visions of the night;
 Perhaps a fever in the nerve,
 At death these visions may preserve;
 But when with sickness we are tost,
 They will be an unwelcome ghost;
 Now therefore let us not offend,
 But think upon our latter end;

For

For all the pleasure sin doth give,
Does last no longer than we live;
In it there is a deadly sting,
For all the pleasure it doth bring
Is not compared with the cost,
Of happiness for ever lost.
And tho' there were no more to say,
After our soul do leave the clay,
In time there is more happiness,
In virtue than there is in vice;
If heaven and hell were but a dream,
Enough to stimulate esteem,
To which at death the soul shall flee,
To happiness or misery;
But since it is a certain fact,
Which nothing now can counteract;
Let us to him for safety flee,
Who can from danger set us free.

A Poem upon Physiognomy.

The various features of each race,
Of mankind, young and old,
In every man and woman's face,
Is wondrous to behold.

What millions of the human race,
From Adam as the root,
And scarcely two alike in face,
The atheist to confute.

Who

Who say the world does now exist,
Like unto a machine ;
Then all would have been like the first,
In noses, mouth and eyne.

In every face that I do see,
My Maker's work doth shine,
In some sort they do all agree,
But, none I see like mine.

How congruous to society,
Hath been our Maker's plan,
In every face that we do see,
That we may know the man.

If all had been of the same stamp,
And no variety,
The foldier might desert the camp,
And through the world go free.

The father would not know his son,
Nor yet the son his brother ;
The daughter like a fool, would run,
Searching to find her mother.

Nought but confusion would take place,
In social commerce,
If that we did not know their face,
With whom we did converse.

When we exposed our goods to sale,
In markets, or in fairs ;
We would not know with whom to deal,
But run ourselves in snairs.

But

But wisdom infinitely doth shine,
Both perfect and entire ;
Let all beholders now incline,
To wonder and admire.

When we behold a stranger's face,
With something that is new,
Tho' we cannot discern grace,
Yet still, it is our due

To praise our Maker for the stamp
Of workmanship divine ;
Which clearly like unto a lamp,
In every face doth shine.

Which hath an influence on love,
As fancy paves the way ;
In both the sex, as they do move
Towards their marriage day.

I might enlarge on this great field,
But I do not incline ;
I to some better hand will yield,
Superior to mine.

Such knowledge is too strange for me,
And high above my reach,
For such as have not eyes to see,
Do know us by our speech.

Likewise the creatures that are tame,
Are by their owners known ;
But such as wild, are called game,
All mens but no mans own.

In nature not distinguished,
From others of their kind ;
To shew that He who all things made
His glory hath design'd,

As his great end in every thing,
And then the creatures good,
And by his providence doth bring
To all in time their food.

Upon the Excellence of the Bible.

The serious reader here does feast,
Upon delicious fare ;
The curious gratify their taste
On things that's truly rare.

Some parts of it an ocean wide,
And then a gentle stream,
Where both the weakly lambs may wade,
And elephants may sweem.

It doth antiquity excel,
In telling what is past ;
And future events doth foretel,
Unto the very last.

To every nation under heaven,
It doth give forth a law ;
With truth and justice just and even,
Without the smallest flaw.

What ever scripture doth record,
 Doth stand through ages all,
 Its author surely is the Lord,
 His word we may it call.

They surely have but a dull taste,
 Who seldom on it look,
 And all their time to read do waste,
 On any other book.

A Poem on Arminianism.

They surely are in a mistake,
 Who say their sins they can forsake,
 And they may go to Heaven at length,
 By their own works and their own strength.
 If it be so that they go there,
 By climbing up the legal stair,
 Then I have little more to say,
 Since now so many love that way.
 But they must have a place to sing,
 Where none do fit that Christ doth bring;
 Their song with such will not agree,
 Who praise upon a higher key;
 To him who washt us in his blood,
 And made us Kings and Priests to God;
 Then let us take his word of grace,
 For it doth answer every case.
 And come to him, and not to doubt,
 For him that comes he'll not cast out;

And

And work from life that we receive,
 From him our life that we may live.
 He dyed for a higher end
 Than only sinners lives to mend ;
 It was that he might make us new,
 And have the praise that's to him due ;
 Then faith and holiness will fear,
 Both on the front and on the rear ;
 From motives of free grace and love,
 Will now the faint to working move.
 But on this theme I need not dwell,
 Unless I ERSKINE could excel ;
 Who in his sonnets does describe,
 To better purpose legal pride.
 Let all who tread the legal path,
 Read EDWARD POLEHILL's work on faith.
 Upon the whole, let us observe,
 That nothing good we do deserve,
 And nothing less can set us free.
 But what can justice satisfy ;
 And nothing less can purge our blot,
 But what is offered without spot ;
 Let all who chuse to die in piece,
 When they have run the Christian race,
 Consider well before they run,
 Whether the servant or the son,
 Will be preferr'd with Christ to reign,
 When in the clouds he comes again.

A Poem upon Creation and the Sabbath.

Jehovah's glory he concealed,
 From all eternity,

C 2

Which

Which now in time he hath revealed;
By all that we do see.

By six days work he did display,
And made his council shine,
His power and goodness every day,
Through all his works divine.

When all his works he had survey'd,
According to his plan,
From which he could not err, he said,
Come and let us make man,

After our image as the plan;
And so he did proceed,
Out of the dust to form the man,
To be creation's head.

And breathed in him a living soul,
And did him qualify,
The lower world for to rule,
And serve him actively.

While other creatures bear the stamp,
Of workmanship divine,
The soul of Adam like a lamp,
New lighted clear did shine;

Till he unto a sleep was cast,
And Eve ta'en from his side;
Which of the creatures was the last,
For to be Adam's bride.

The seventh day he sanctified,
And on it he did rest;

And

And his great name was magnified,
On it while it did last.

But whether Adam and his wife
The sabbath first enjoyed ;
Or if on it they forfeit life,
By being ill employed ;

However it did soon appear,
That they had forfeit rest,
Because they were possess'd with fear,
And seem'd to be distress'd.

No wonder, for they did now see,
And that unto their cost,
By eating the forbidden tree,
That paradise was lost.

Since Satan did our parents tempt,
To the lust of the eye ;
Nothing on earth can yield content,
Or fully satisfy.

When they in Eden did enjoy,
With pleasure every thing,
Nothing to hurt or to destroy,
How cheerful they might sing !

Till Lucifer from heaven fell,
And unto sin gave birth,
They did not hear of any hell,
But pleasure, joy and mirth.

He did their happiness envy,
And soon he did employ,
The subtle serpent for to try,
These fav'rites to destroy.

His deadly span he did inject,
To Eve in Paradise,
And soon the embryo took effect,
And led them on to vice.

In vain they think themselves to hide,
And gather leaves to sew,
While Satan now stands swell'd with pride,
Till justice them pursue.

But now Jehovah, in his grace,
On Adam he did call,
While flying from his gracious face,
Unto his fatal fall.

When he was on the very brink
Of ruin, and despair,
Down to the lowest hell to sink,
To be tormented there ;

Which unto mercy did give place,
And sovereign love took vent,
To shew the riches of his grace,
And God his Son forth sent,

The serpent's head to bruise anon,
The captives to deliver,
Unto the death he gave his Son,
That we might live for ever.

See how creation now gives way
Unto the glorious plan,
And doth give up its Sabbath day
Unto the Son of man.

Now

Now of the Sabbath he is Lord,
 And that through ages all,
 While scripture doth his name record,
 As his memorial ;

Which as a blessing he bestows,
 For which we should give thanks,
 Religion either ebbes or flows,
 As we keep up its banks.

The breach of Sabbath makes a gape,
 Where all that's bad comes in,
 And all that's good goes out thereat,
 It is a dreadful fin.

A Poem on Edinburgh.

From Arthur's Seat or Caltonhill,
 Let me be standing where I will,
 I cannot see thee for thy smoak,
 While I but at a distance look ;
 But when I come into thy street,
 What wonders great mine eyes do meet,
 Thy well built palaces so high,
 As if they would reach to the sky ;
 The ancient grandeur of Old Reeky,
 Was her high towers within the city ;
 But now she spreads her wings abroad,
 Towards the sea, and down Leith road,
 And round her suburbs every where,
 Even all the way to George's square }
 Where now our gentlemen repair ; }
 Through Park-place unto Bristo street,
 Where ever I do set my feet,

Are

Are buildings elegant and fine,
Agreable to plumb and line ;
On the north side another stands,
Its name is ALEXANDER'S lands,
Whose builder well deserves its name,
And of his work need think no shame ;
Where formerly they drove the pleugh,
Another street is called Buccleugh,
Which is both elegant and fair,
Where we may get the callor air.
The Printer now pursues me fast,
And makes me mend my pace at last ;
And round about to Herriot's green,
Where volunteers are often seen,
In marshal order, rank and file,
Would make the DUKE OF YORK to smile,
To see how gentlemen appear,
Both on the front and on the rear.
They are arrayed in suits of blue,
To show them to be Scotsmen true.
Melodious musick we do hear,
When forward they their course do steer.
The Highland boys with drum and sife,
As if they did not mind their life,
Do make old Reikey's towers to ring,
While Royal George is still her King.
An ancient fortress I do spy,
Where dreadful roaring cannons ly,
Which of antiquity doth boast,
Of nigh two thousand years now past ;
Its precedent I cannot find,
'Till I come down to the Leith Wynd,
And their the college kirk doth stand,
Which was not built upon the sand ;

I have not time for to describe
New Edinburgh on the north side,
But yet I cannot but observe,
A splendid building to preserve
The Rights of Man within its roof,
Against the fear of fire proof;
Another object takes mine eye,
A steeple elegant and high,
By STEPHENS the great architect,
Who did its symmetry connect;
And rear'd it high with such a spire,
Which none in Europe can compare;
Adorned now with goodly stones,
Where formerly lay horses bones;
O'er the North Loch and Calton Hill,
A famous bridge and a bridewell.
Towards the south I now do pass,
Where once they scarce could drive an ass;
But now the chariot drives with speed,
Out o'er the Cowgate o'er our head;
And sets you down where you may learn,
What you think fit, your bread to earn;
Whatever you do now incline,
A Doctor, Lawyer or Divine;
Six stately pillars stand and wait,
For all that come into their gate;
Their length in feet is twenty-three,
Such stones mine eyes did never see;
Its length in feet may now compare,
Unto the days that's in the year;
But now of it I say no more,
Until they finish the main door,

And

And then above it raise the dome,
I now will take a rest at home,
And then if ever I come back,
It likely will get then the crack,
Of all in Europe for a school,
Tho' you may think I be a fool.

CONCLUSION.

Let not the reader now reflect,
Where symmetry is not connect;
The Printer did pursue me so,
That sometimes I had nought to show,
Till I compos'd another verse,
They nothing had for to rehearse.
Their kind indulgence then was great;
As sometimes they did on me wait
Till I compos'd another line,
And set it where I did incline.
If I have any more to print,
It will to 'TURNBULL's lads be sent.

F I N I S.

